

Semi-Weekly Camden Journal.

VOLUME 2.

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NUMBER 67.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.
Is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed for three months.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.
Is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if payment is delayed for six months, and Three Dollars, if not paid until the end of the year.
ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one square (14 lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.
In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar per square.
The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in, must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be inserted semi-weekly until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.
Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.
All communications by mail must be post-paid to secure attention.

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BANK AGENT.

At his old stand opposite Davis's Hotel
B. W. CHAMBERS,
Receiving and Forwarding Merchant,
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Buyer of Cotton and other Country Produce,
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And General Commission Merchant,
ACCOMMODATION WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Liberal advances made on consignments of Produce, and prompt attention given to the forwarding of Goods, at the lowest rates.
Aug. 26. 63

A. G. BASKIN,
Attorney at Law, and
Solicitor in Equity,
Office in Rear of Court House,
CAMDEN, S. C.

Will practice in the Courts of Kershaw and adjoining Districts.

A. G. BASKIN,
MAGISTRATE,
CAMDEN, S. C.

J. S. B. KERNHAW,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,
CAMDEN, S. C.

Will attend the Courts of Kershaw, Sumter, Fairfield, Darlington and Lancaster Districts.

W. H. R. WORKMAN,
Attorney at Law, and Solicitor in Equity,
CAMDEN, S. C.

(Office nearly opposite A. Young's Book Store.)
WILL ATTEND THE COURTS OF
Darlington and Sumter Districts.
Business entrusted to him will meet with prompt and careful attention.
July 26.

C. S. WEST,
Attorney at Law.
Office in Rear of the Court House, Camden, S. C.
June 17. 48

J. J. ORES,
Saddlery and Harness Manufacturer,
Opposite Masonic Hall,
CAMDEN, S. C.

S. D. HALLFORD,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
AND GENERAL AGENT,
Camden, S. C.

R. J. McCREIGHT,
COTTON GIN MAKER.
Rutledge St., one door east of M. Drucker & Co.
CAMDEN, S. C.

Charles A. McDonald,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
CAMDEN, S. C.

F. ROOT,
AUCTIONEER.
CAMDEN, S. C.

RICE DULIN,
FACTOR AND COMMISSION MERCHANT
CENTRAL WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
May 2. 35

Z. J. DeHAY,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
CAMDEN, S. C.

THOMAS WILSON,
Fashionable Boot Maker,
CAMDEN, S. C.

WM. M. WATSON,
Fashionable Tailor,
CAMDEN, S. C.

JON. B. NICKLE,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,
WINSBOROUGH, S. C.
(Office in the rear of the Court House.)
May 6.

ROBERT LATTA'S
GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE,
CAMDEN, S. C.

CHARLES A. PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CAMDEN, S. C.

Will Practice in Kershaw and the adjoining Districts.
Feb. 4

C. A. PRICE,
Magistrate.
OFFICE AT THE COURT-HOUSE, CAMDEN, S. C.

Marine, Fire, and Life Insurance.
BY THE
Commercial Insurance Company,
OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

CAPITAL, \$250,000, ALL PAID IN.
OFFICE, NO. 4, BROAD-STREET.
PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM B. HERIOT.

DIRECTORS,
JAMES K. ROBINSON, HENRY T. STREET,
GEO. A. TRENHOLM, WM. McBURNEY,
ROBERT CALDWELL, J. H. BRAWLEY,
A. R. TAFT, T. L. WRAGG,

A. M. LEE, Secretary.
E. L. TESSIER, Inspector.
R. C. PRESLEY, Solicitor.
R. A. KINLOCH, Medical Examiner.

The subscriber having been appointed agent for this Company, is now prepared to receive Proposals for FIRE RISKS, and will effect Insurance on fair and liberal terms.
WM. D. McDOWALL,
Camden, S. C., May 5, 1851.

COURTENAY & WIENGES,
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS,
AND DEALERS IN
CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Opposite the Post Office.
Agents for the best Green and Black Teas, and Patent Medicines.
R. G. COURTENAY. G. W. WIENGES.

Ladies Dress Goods.
A Splendid assortment of Ladies Dress Goods in a great variety of styles, will be sold at greatly reduced prices to close them out. Among them may be found some very rich and rare patterns.
E. W. BONNEY.

MANSION HOUSE,
CAMDEN, S. C.
CARD.

THE undersigned begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his friends, and the travelling Public, for the liberal support which he has received since he has been opened, (four months) and has entered upon his duties for 1851, with renewed energy to endeavor to please all that may call upon him, both rich and poor. His House will be found one of the most desirable, situated, and best furnished Hotels in Camden. His servants also will be found respectful and attentive, and the table will be supplied with the best of the market affords.

His Stables and Carriage Houses are ready and always fully supplied with Provisions and an experienced Horder. An Omnibus calls at the House every morning for passengers for the Railroad. Give me a call, and test my merit.
As you find me,
So recommend me.
E. G. ROBINSON,
Proprietor.

Camden, February 7th, 1851.

Darlington Hotel,
DARLINGTON COURT-HOUSE.

THE above House having been purchased and fitted up anew by JOHN DOREN, is again opened for the accommodation of the Public. Strict attention to the wants and comforts of guests will be given, and no effort, calculated to merit the patronage of all who may favor the establishment with a visit, shall be spared.

All that the market and surrounding country afford will be found upon the table.
Comfortable rooms, for families or individuals, are prepared.
The Stables will be attended by careful and attentive hostlers.

Drivers can be well accommodated, as any number of horses and mules can be kept in the stables and lots expressly prepared for them.
Nov. 1, 1850.

NEW STORE.
THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an extensive stock of GROCERIES, at the stand formerly occupied by Joseph W. Doby, one door south of Campbell's Bakery, and opposite H. Levy & Son, where may be found all articles usually kept in the Grocery line, consisting in part of the following:

Fulton Market Beef
No. 1 and 2 Mackerel in kits, for family use;
Rio and Java Coffee; crushed and brown Sugars;
New Orleans Molasses, (new crop) butter, wine and soda crackers; cheese, buckwheat, raisins, currants, almonds, English mustard, fiberts, pecan nuts, assorted pickles and preserves.

Also—
A few doz. old Port Wine, Heidsieck best Champagne, London Porter and Scotch Ale in pints, together a large stock of Bagging, Rope and Twine, all of which he offers low for cash.
Jan 1 S. E. CAPERS

NEW STORE.
THE subscriber is now opening a large assortment of Groceries and Staple Goods, in the Store lately occupied by William J. Gerald (south of the Bank of Camden), which he will dispose of at Charleston prices for cash.

Those wishing to purchase would do well to call and examine the stock, consisting in part, of the following, viz:

Leaf, Crushed, Ground and Granulated Sugars
S. Coils, Porto Rico, and New Orleans do
New Orleans, Muscovado and Cuba Molasses
Java, Laguira and Rio Coffee
Gunpowder, Young Hyson and Black Teas
Sperm, Adamantine and Tallow Candles
No. 2 and 3 Mackerel, in Barrels, Half and Quarters
Wine, Soda and Butter Biscuits and Cheese
Soap and Starch, assorted
Pepper, Spice, Ginger, Nutmegs, Mace and Cloves
Powder, Shot and Lead
Hardware, Cutlery, Nails and Castings
Pains, Linseed Oil, Sperm Oil and White Wax
Also—
Bleached and unbleached Shirtings and Sheetings
Blankets, Bed Ticks, Apron Checks and Oznaburgs
Together with a large assortment of
Bagging, Rope and Twine.
J. W. BRADLEY.

Camden, S. C., Sept. 25
37 Cash paid for Cotton and other Produce.

SONG OF THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
My throne a simple chair:
I ask no other majesty
Than strikes the gazer there.
The horse of fire obeys my rod,
My couriers take the sea;
The lightning leaves the charmed cloud
At Art's command for me.

Em of the Press! I'm of the Press!
Let monarchs wear a crown;
I wave my pen across the page
And crowns have tumbled down.
The world rolls on, the millions ride;
Without, the tempest rolls—
Within, I brood a quiet thought
That changes all the souls.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
My host embattled types;
With them I quell the tyrant's horde
And rear the stars and stripes.
I give my hand to all the race,
My altar Freedom's sod;
I say my say and bend my knee
Alone, alone to God.

ANNETTE LARANNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF LEISURE HOURS."

A tender flower, tho' reared with fondest care,
Scarce had it reached the fulness of its bloom,
A blighting gale its opening beauties clogg'd,
And scatter'd all its sweetness to the winds.
Alphonso a Tragedy

It was a bright evening in the month of June, when my chaise stopped at the door of a neat hotel, in the beautiful village of German within a few miles of Paris. I never shall forget my arrival there; it was one of those clear, calm, silent evenings, that seem to lull every care that can agitate the human soul into repose, and make man forget the anxieties and vicissitudes of life. I had been seated in the private parlour, into which I was shown by the landlord, but a short time, when the door opened, and a pretty little girl, with a French complexion and black eyes, entered the apartment; she was dressed neatly in white, and apparently with much care; so much so, that I was induced to say—

"You are going to a wedding, my pretty lass?"
"Oh, no sir," replied the girl with an air of melancholy, "I wish it were; but it is to a funeral I am going."

"And whose funeral do you attend?" I inquired.
"Annette Laranne's," returned the girl.
"And who was Annette Laranne?"

"Annette—poor Annette," replied the girl, her black eyes filling with tears. "I thought every body knew her and her sad story."

"I now become deeply interested; there was that in the manner of the girl, which induced me to believe Annette's was no common story; and that belief was afterwards confirmed. I cannot give the tale in the artless and touching way in which Marie Beauchamp (for that was the girl's name) told it. I wish I could; there was a feeling in its artlessness, that no heart could have resisted; and many a time when I looked upon the black eyes of Marie, and saw them filled with tears, I passed my hand over my own, and found they were likewise filled with similar drops of sympathy and pity.

There was one lone beautiful cottage in German inhabited by an old soldier named Laranne, his wife, and the lovely but unfortunate Annette. They were all happy—the parents of the girl found felicity in that of their child and their child's happiness in that of her parents. She was gay, young, innocent and artless; every morning and evening she walked in her smiling garden, supporting her aged parents, and enlivening them with her lark-like song; and there was not a slip in the whole village that did not praise Annette Laranne, nor a heart that did not acknowledge and admire her virtues. But clouds came over the life of the fair girl, and blighted her happiness and broke her heart. Annette never knew sorrow, until she loved; and she felt it not then, for young love ever hopes, and the magic influence of love steeped all sorrow in forgetfulness. Felix LeBlanc resided in the same village with Annette, and was in every way worthy of her affections; they loved mutually, and were betrothed with the approbation of their parents. But Fate, which never permits the stream of young affection to glide long without some agitating storm, had determined to prevent their union, and rob poor Annette of the jewel of her mind—her reason.

There was a beautiful grove in the vicinity of Annette's cottage, where often, after having first walked with her parents in her garden, she would stray at the purple hour of evening with her lover; then her young heart was ever opened to receive his offerings of affection, ever ready to acknowledge them and yield their fond return. There is not in life a more delightful picture, than the pure love of two young and innocent beings, developed in every action of their existence; unsullied by gross thoughts, interest or passion; regarding only their own loves; endeavoring only to promote their own happiness, and that of those by nature or friendship rendered near and dear to them.

One evening, as they were walking in that grove, when Nature seemed to smile more beautifully, and their own hearts to throb more happily than they were wont to do, the sky suddenly became overcast, and threatened a storm. It was not long before a loud and startling thunder clap told that the tempest was abroad, and that lightning played

through the storm clouds that covered the boundless expanse of Heaven.

"Haste, haste, Annette," said Felix, "we must bend our way home speedily, it is our nearest shelter."

They turned to do so, and had progressed but a short distance, when from the clouds a bolt of lightning flashed suddenly before them like the spirit of destruction. The hand of Felix, in which that of Annette had been affectionately clasped, lost its hold, and she saw him fall; she knelt beside him to ascertain the cause, and beheld him seared and lifeless. The lightning had struck him; and Felix—the gay, happy, generous Felix, was a corpse!—Poor Annette fell unconsciously by his side: when she recovered, she was no longer the happy and intelligent being that once diffused gaiety and happiness through the village circle—but a maniac! She was found by the neighbors sitting upon the damp earth, with the head of Felix pillowed on her breast, singing a song of lullaby, such as fond mothers warble to win their infants to repose.

Every heart was pained when the fate of Felix, and the dreadful annihilation of Annette's reason, were made known, and her aged parents felt that all their earthly happiness had fled forever. The gay garden which they loved, because their Annette had cultivated it, was neglected; and the bright flowers that adorned it, were concealed by the loathsome weeds which sprang up among them; the song of innocence was no longer heard in their cottage, and there never was a more melancholy change than that which was perceptible in the once happy domicile of old Dominique Laranne. Oh! who can imagine a more grievous picture than that which the wreck of reason in the young and innocent presents? Where is the heart that would not ache, when beholding the eye that once sparkled with intelligence, fixed in lustreless and vacant gaze? The dark and glossy hair of a fair being, which once in graceful curls flowed beautifully, and adorned with flowers bright and innocent as herself, dishevelled, and wild and gloomy plants scattered among it; and the brow, which once beamed with smiles of happiness, now contracted, and denoting the total loss of mental empire. It is an appalling sight; and none that ever entered the cottage of Laranne, after Annette's misfortune, left it without aching hearts, or with tearful eyes. She would sit for hours together with her hands clasped, and her eyes fixed on the wide Heavens: then she would sometimes cry—

"You should never have smiled again—you were angry then, when the liquid fire of your wrath fell upon him; but I shall see him again—Oh! yes—I have often seen him at night looking down through the boundless blue upon me, and telling me the fire spirit will soon come and bear me to him."

And whenever a storm arose, she would fly into her garden, and seemed to wait for the coming of the spirit which she fancied in the hour of the tempest was to take her to Felix. The old soldier and his wife looked upon their poor demented girl with the tearless agony of broken hearts. They never again beheld the roses of health on her cheek, or the lustre of reason in her eye; but they saw her wither like the flower which slowest droops and dies, and in death ere the sun of eighteen summers had passed over her.

After Marie had finished the story of poor Annette, she left the apartment. Scarcely knowing what I did, I took my hat and following her to the cottage of the mourners. In a few minutes the funeral procession came from the house with the remains of the poor girl on a bier, borne by village girls clad as Marie was. Every countenance indicated sorrow, every eye was filled with tears. There was enough, Heaven knows, in the story of Annette Laranne to excite the deepest sorrow; but if humanity needed a stronger appeal to sympathy than her tale afforded, it would have been found, and its force acknowledged, in the appearance of her parents.

Weak with age, still more so with grief, they tottered, I may say, in the funeral train. The hoary headed man, supporting his wife, whose every silver hair complained of time; their countenances bespeaking broken hearts; their groans of agonized grief—had I not wept, I should have felt myself less than human.

I followed Annette Laranne to the grave, and beheld her consigned to that all-concealing receptacle of "coffined clay." There was no service read, the mourners, for all were so, stood in silence for some time around the narrow place, and I felt that there was more eloquence and solemnity in that, than in all the pomp of grief which glitters around the obsequies of the wealthy.

Old Laranne and his wife survived their child but a short time. The next time I passed that way, I went to the church yard and saw their graves, next to those of Annette and Felix—they were enclosed in a neat railing; and at the head of Annette's grave there was a white rose tree in full bloom. I was told that Marie Beauchamp had planted it there; I asked her why she had done so, and she answered thus—"Annette was pure and beautiful, and so is the white rose; her existence was short, that of the white rose is equally fleeting."

Negro exclusion.—The people of Indiana, by a majority of about 20,000, have adopted that clause of the constitution which excludes free negroes from that State.

Death on Roaches.—A correspondent of the New York Express gives the following recipe for the destruction of cockroaches: Place a basin of strong suds, sweetened with molasses, on the floor every night, with a wet cloth on the floor, the edge on the basin, for easy access to the water. By this means they will soon be completely destroyed.

SEPARATE STATE SECESSION
PRACTICALLY DISCUSSED IN A
SERIES OF ARTICLES.

Published Originally in the Edgefield Advertiser,

BY RUTLEDGE.

NO. VIII.

Should South Carolina strike for her Independence?

We have hitherto written to show, that once established into an Independent Republic, S. Carolina would be much more prosperous than at present, while those ill consequences, so much dreaded by many, are never likely to occur. Of the probable cost, of the expediency, and of the practicability of achieving our independence, we have yet said little. We propose now briefly to touch on these points. It would be a useless attempt to count the cost of the struggle in which we may be engaged in breaking off from the Union. That struggle may never take place. Besides, the uncertainty of its character—of its duration—of its results, forbids such an estimate. But who would stop to cast up such an account? Will a people, actuated by a high and generous purpose, pause to calculate the costs when called on to vindicate their dearest rights and liberties? Such an enterprise is above all money value. What is property without liberty? without the ability to protect it? The gains of the industrious would only be spoils to the tyrant. A brave people, bent on preserving their liberties, would yield not a third or a half, but all of their worldly goods sooner than submit to be slaves. Who has failed to admire the noble generosity of our brave fathers, who freely pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, to gain the liberty we are about to surrender? To achieve liberty for their descendants, they not only pledged, but freely expended their treasure and shed their blood. The people that are not ready and willing to do this, do not deserve liberty, and will not long enjoy it. Established, then, with the justice of our cause, and the happy consequences of its success, how can we, as a brave and high-minded people, pause to calculate the costs of the blow we may have to strike? We may rest assured that the means of resistance will rise to meet our wants, as they have in the case of all other nations, great and small, that have struggled for liberty. So long as we prove ourselves worthy of confidence, our credit will command in any market of the civilized world, ample supplies of money and munitions of war. And all nations, going to war, are compelled to contract loans to meet the demands on their treasury.

The question for us to consider, then, is this: are our wrongs of that oppressive and degrading nature, as to submit to, which would stain our character, and destroy our liberty and independence? If they are so deemed by us, then whatever all others may say or do, we should resist them at all hazards, cost what it may. To the people of South Carolina it is certainly needless to discuss the various wrongs and grievances we have suffered from the General Government. A bare recapitulation of them will serve our purpose. They are familiar to the minds of all. Their enormity is known and felt by almost every one.

I. First, then, since the formation of this government, and especially within the last twenty-five years, the people of the South, have been onerously and unjustly taxed by the people of the North. From the year 1790 to 1840 the South has paid seven-ninths of all the duties under the Government, and has received back only two-ninths. It has paid \$711,200,000, while not more than \$206,000,000 have been spent in her borders; the other \$505,200,000 having been expended at the North. The North has paid meantime only \$215,850,097. So that the tax paid by the South per head within the period specified, has averaged \$29.47 per 10 years, while that of the North has been only \$8.09. In late years the disproportion has been much greater. From 1841 to 1845 the tax paid by the South per head was \$10.46; the North \$1.99; making for the South per head nearly ten times more than for the North.

This has been in the way of duties alone. But consider the increased price of Northern protected articles, the diminution in price of Southern produce, and the increased price of freights, due to the Tariff and navigation laws, and the South has paid to the Government and to the North from 1790 to 1840, over \$1,200,000,000. The one tenth of this would make for So. Ca., in the same period, \$120,000,000. But it has been estimated upon data furnished by the Congressional Documents that the South in various ways now contributes annually to Northern wealth not less than \$50,000,000. Allowing one-tenth for South Carolina, her annual contribution to the North is about \$5,000,000; being upwards of \$17 for every white soul, man, woman and child, among us, while our State tax is little over one dollar to the white inhabitant.

What people, claiming to be free, ever endured taxation so unequal, unjust and enormous!

Nor is this all.

II. In the acquisition of California and the new Territories, the South contributed about two-thirds of the soldiers, and will have to pay at least two-thirds of all the heavy expenses incurred. Yet of the whole of these Territories, worth millions upon millions of dollars to the Southern slaveholder, the South has been outrageously plundered, in contempt not only of all constitutional guarantees, but in the most offensive and insulting manner, by allowing a heterogeneous mass of squatters and gold-diggers to deprive us of all our rights to these

*The Union Past and future—Table B.
†Given in the paper to the New York Day Book.